

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ros. Good my Lord, what is your cause of distemper, you do surely bar the doore vpon your owne liberty, if you deny your griefes to your friend.

Ham. Sir I lack aduancement.

Ros. How can that be when you haue the voyce of the King himselfe for your succession in *Denmarke*.

Enter the Players with Recorders.

Ham. I sir, but wile the grasse grows, the prouerbe is something musty, oh the Recorders, let me see one, to withdraw with you, why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would driue me into a toyle?

Gu. O my lord if my duty be too bold, my loue is too vnmanerly

Ham. I do not well vnderstand that, will you play vpon this pipe?

Guy. My Lord I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guy. Beleeue me I cannot.

Ham. I beseech you.

Guy. I know no touch of it my Lord.

Ham. It is as easie as lying: gouern these ventages with your fingers, & the thumb giue it breath with your mouth, and it wil discourse most eloquent musique, look you, these are the stops.

Guy. But these cannot I command to any vtrance of harmony, I haue not the skill.

Ham. Why look you now how vnworthy a thing you make of me, you would play vpon me, you would seem to know my stops, you would pluck out the heart of my mysterie, you would sound me from my lowest note to my compasse, and there is much musique, excellent voice in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak, s'blood, do you think I am easier to be plaid on then a pipe, call me what Instrument you will, though you fret me not, you cannot play vpon me. God blesse you sir.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, the Queen would speak with you, and presently.

H. Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a Camell?

Pol. By'th masse and tis like a Camell indeed.

Ham. Me thinks it is like a Wezell.

Pol. It is black like a Wezell.

Ham. Or like a Whale.

Pol. Very like a Whale.

Ham. Then

Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. Then I will come to my mother by and by, They fool me to the top of my bent, I wil come by & by, Leau me friends.

I will, say so. By and by is easily said,

Tis now the very witching time of night,

When Church-yards yawne, and hell it selfe breaks out

Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot blood,

And do such businesse as the bitter day

Would quake to looke on: soft, now to my mother,

O heart loose not thy nature! let not euer,

The soule of *Nero* enter this firme bosome!

Let me be cruell, nor vnnaturall,

I will speak dagger to her, but vse none,

My tongue and soule in this be hypocrites,

How in my words someuer she be shent,

To giue them scales neuer my soule consent.

Enter King, Rosencrans, and Gyldestjerne.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with vs

To let his madnesse range, therefore prepare you,

I your commission will forthwith dispatch,

And he to *England* shall along with you,

The termes of our estate may not endure

Hazard so neer's as doth hourelly grow,

Out of his browes.

Gyl. We will our selues prouide,

Most holy and religious feare it is

To keep those many many bodies safe

That liue and feed vpon your Maiesty.

Ros. The single and peculier life is bound,

With all the strength and armour of the mind

To keep it selfe from noyance, but much more

That spirit, vpon whose weale depends and rests

The liues of many, the cesse of Maiesty

Dies not alone; but like a gulfe doth draw

What's neere it, with it, or it is a massie wheele

Fixt on the somnet of the highest mount,

To whose huge spokes, ten thousand lesser things

Are mortcift and adioynd, which when it falls,